



### THE FRIEND OF AGES AGO.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?"  
—Yes, if you'd just as lief as not.  
—John Paul.

There are several things that trouble one's age,  
And work for a man much woe,  
Such as gout—and doubt—doubt that will run,  
And rhyme that will not flow.  
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,  
Of the many bones that we know,  
That ubiquitous inn, the woman or man  
Who knew one "ages ago?"

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps;  
You flirted with high and with low,  
Had one love on the hill, and one down by the mill—  
Yet never were wick, ah, no!  
And this friend knew in a far-away way,  
In a way that was only so, so—  
Just enough to give love to the cry about you:  
"Oh, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspet.  
Your pail, like your speech, is slow  
You tell in a bank, your spirit in church—  
Are one it is proper to know:  
But this vigilant friend will never consent  
That your virtuous unchastity shall go—  
Though she never denials, but only avers  
That she knew you "ages ago!"

And sure I am that if ever I go  
To the place where a hope I win  
To sit among such a—perhaps the chief—  
In raincoat as white as snow,  
Before me and busy among the best—  
Perhaps in the self-same row—  
I shall find my last, my woman or man,  
Who knew me "ages ago!"

And shall hear the voice I oft have heard—  
Do you think it is sweet and low?  
As it whispers still with ancient shrill  
The refrain that so well I know:  
"Oh, you needn't be setting much store by him,  
He may fool some saint who is not acquainted—  
But I know him "ages ago!"  
—Charles Henry Webb, in Century.

### A HOUSEHOLD EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. M. P. ROBINSON.

"I wish you would try and get time to fix my pants this morning," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones, to his better half, as he stood before the glass, leisurely drawing a razor across his well-lathered face.

"What?" asked the lady, somewhat impatiently.

"I merely observe, my dear, that you would oblige me by mending my inexpressibles to-day," resumed Mr. Jones, stroking his smooth chin with a complacent air. "Three buttons have been missing for as many days, and I really believe there's a hole in one of the pockets, for I haven't been able to keep any change in it for a long time," he added, glancing significantly toward his wife.

"Possibly not," returned the husband, smiling faintly at the prophetic remark; "but you are entirely wrong in saying that this state of things does not affect me, for it assuredly does, in any but an agreeable manner. It is not only a nuisance to enter a cold dining-room, in the winter season, and find the children half-dressed and crying with cold, while the mother, on *dishabille*, is sewing and endeavoring to quiet them. When I am seated at the table, and my wife, with lengthened faces, sits down to a badly-laid table, with a cold, unpalatable breakfast spread upon it. This naturally creates dissatisfaction, and we all lie in the room, mutually out of temper. Dinner, if we succeed in getting any, proves generally to be a cold, tasteless, occasionally interspersed with a fall, a thorough wetting, and the various misfortunes you have recounted. I do not say this is wholly your fault, but it is in part. You have never accustomed your domestics to practice neatness and order in the least. This, however much help you may have, makes you little short of a household drudge. There are two extremes, neither of which is desirable; but there is a certain medium point, which, even Monday, less dandied, Abby is an honest, capable girl, and I do not think it best to dismiss her for this fault alone; but you would do well to tell your wishes, and see that she carries them out, without the necessity of your standing by her elbow all the while. But upon one point I am resolved," continued Mr. Jeremiah Jones, in a determined manner, "and that is, from this day to patronize a laundry until we can have washing done in a quiet, systematic way, and, in the meantime, I will see that all become uncompanionable and ill-tempered for the day. The home I shall there gain, and the additional comfort, will more than repay me for the extra expense I may incur."

Mrs. Jones saw by her husband's manner that he was in earnest, and did not attempt to oppose him in this resolution, but simply remarked that he would "soon get tired of it."

But it was not so. The bills for washing were promptly paid upon presentation, and Mr. Jones seemed highly satisfied with his arrangement. He no longer spent Sunday in dreading the following day, and at length ventured to take a friend home to dine with him on Monday, without encountering a frowning face and other evidences of disapprobation of his temerity. The washing was served at the usual hour, and his wife, with a smiling countenance and dressed neatly, presided with her accustomed grace, occasionally taking part in the animated conversation; while Mr. Jones was heard more than once to assert, that nothing could induce him to again experience the misfortunes and vexations of a washing day.

Cancer Has a Conqueror.

The fatal result which almost inevitably attends cancer has caused investigators to search with unremitting zeal for a specific. This search is now prosecuted with more hopefulness than ever, by reason of the belief in many minds, that cancer is a specific disease depending on a germ for its causation. One of the remedies from which much was expected was Chian turpentine. Although this has never sustained a very high place in the profession generally, recently it has again come into favor, principally through the reported cures occurring in the practice of Professor John Clay, of St. Louis, in the Mediterranean. The turpentine, as it comes to this country, is a soft solid, becoming brittle when exposed to the air. It has an agreeable odor, somewhat like turpentine, and very little taste. The remedy is given in the form of an emulsion, with mastic, in a solution of turpentine. The emulsion is made with sulphuric ether.—Public Opinion.

### FIENDISH WORK.

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In every case the unmistakable handiwork of the same fiend is so plainly apparent, that admit of doubt. Madman he probably is, but with all his boldness, he is possessed of a cruel cunning, which allows him to stand abroad on the public highway, murdering his victims as he pleases, and leaving not even a single clue to his personality.

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Mrs. Lulu Poltberger killed her two children and herself at Lake Springs, Neb.  
Fitzgerald & Crisp's large carriage factory at Trenton, N. J., was destroyed by fire.  
The Clarinda Bank, at Clarinda, Ia., was burned; loss \$25,000.  
A prairie fire swept twenty miles of country in Dakota, and ruined thousands of dollars worth of grain.  
The Allen brothers heroically rescued the crew of the steam barge *Alatavann*, wrecked on Lake Michigan.  
The Chicago street car drivers and conductors will strike for twenty cents an hour and ten hours a day.  
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"What?" asked the lady, somewhat impatiently.

"I merely observe, my dear, that you would oblige me by mending my inexpressibles to-day," resumed Mr. Jones, stroking his smooth chin with a complacent air. "Three buttons have been missing for as many days, and I really believe there's a hole in one of the pockets, for I haven't been able to keep any change in it for a long time," he added, glancing significantly toward his wife.

"Possibly not," returned the husband, smiling faintly at the prophetic remark; "but you are entirely wrong in saying that this state of things does not affect me, for it assuredly does, in any but an agreeable manner. It is not only a nuisance to enter a cold dining-room, in the winter season, and find the children half-dressed and crying with cold, while the mother, on *dishabille*, is sewing and endeavoring to quiet them. When I am seated at the table, and my wife, with lengthened faces, sits down to a badly-laid table, with a cold, unpalatable breakfast spread upon it. This naturally creates dissatisfaction, and we all lie in the room, mutually out of temper. Dinner, if we succeed in getting any, proves generally to be a cold, tasteless, occasionally interspersed with a fall, a thorough wetting, and the various misfortunes you have recounted. I do not say this is wholly your fault, but it is in part. You have never accustomed your domestics to practice neatness and order in the least. This, however much help you may have, makes you little short of a household drudge. There are two extremes, neither of which is desirable; but there is a certain medium point, which, even Monday, less dandied, Abby is an honest, capable girl, and I do not think it best to dismiss her for this fault alone; but you would do well to tell your wishes, and see that she carries them out, without the necessity of your standing by her elbow all the while. But upon one point I am resolved," continued Mr. Jeremiah Jones, in a determined manner, "and that is, from this day to patronize a laundry until we can have washing done in a quiet, systematic way, and, in the meantime, I will see that all become uncompanionable and ill-tempered for the day. The home I shall there gain, and the additional comfort, will more than repay me for the extra expense I may incur."

Mrs. Jones saw by her husband's manner that he was in earnest, and did not attempt to oppose him in this resolution, but simply remarked that he would "soon get tired of it."

But it was not so. The bills for washing were promptly paid upon presentation, and Mr. Jones seemed highly satisfied with his arrangement. He no longer spent Sunday in dreading the following day, and at length ventured to take a friend home to dine with him on Monday, without encountering a frowning face and other evidences of disapprobation of his temerity. The washing was served at the usual hour, and his wife, with a smiling countenance and dressed neatly, presided with her accustomed grace, occasionally taking part in the animated conversation; while Mr. Jones was heard more than once to assert, that nothing could induce him to again experience the misfortunes and vexations of a washing day.

Cancer Has a Conqueror.

The fatal result which almost inevitably attends cancer has caused investigators to search with unremitting zeal for a specific. This search is now prosecuted with more hopefulness than ever, by reason of the belief in many minds, that cancer is a specific disease depending on a germ for its causation. One of the remedies from which much was expected was Chian turpentine. Although this has never sustained a very high place in the profession generally, recently it has again come into favor, principally through the reported cures occurring in the practice of Professor John Clay, of St. Louis, in the Mediterranean. The turpentine, as it comes to this country, is a soft solid, becoming brittle when exposed to the air. It has an agreeable odor, somewhat like turpentine, and very little taste. The remedy is given in the form of an emulsion, with mastic, in a solution of turpentine. The emulsion is made with sulphuric ether.—Public Opinion.

### FIENDISH WORK.

#### The Horrible Story of the Famous London Murders.

Seven Mutilated Victims and Not a Trace of the Murderer—The Same Handiwork Apparent in the Execution of Each Crime—The Victims are All of the Lowest Class of London's Vice Scum.

Never in the record of criminal history have the police of any country been called upon to unravel a mystery so complete as that which now enshrouds the Whitechapel murders in the East End of London. Up to this time seven victims have fallen under the skillful knife of an unknown fiend, and there remains not a particle of clue on which to hang a hope of discovery of the murderer.

In every case the unmistakable handiwork of the same fiend is so plainly apparent, that admit of doubt. Madman he probably is, but with all his boldness, he is possessed of a cruel cunning, which allows him to stand abroad on the public highway, murdering his victims as he pleases, and leaving not even a single clue to his personality.

The first of what have now become famous as the "Whitechapel Murders" occurred on the 4th of August, 1888, at a house in the district of Whitechapel, where the sun of the day of the vic was turned back to an earlier morning. Although the first victim of the unknown fiend was a woman of the lowest class, the manner in which she was murdered, and the manner in which she was murdered, was a most shocking manner, and has characterized the recent murders, nothing more than a passing notice was given to the death of the victim.

### ACCIDENTS.

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### FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

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